

MICHIGAN FARMER

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After dinner on Wednesday
carriages were furnished by Mr.
J. M. Turner, and the members
of the Short-horn and Holstein
Association, under the guidance
of Mr. John Jordan, proceeded to
the farm of Mr. Turner. It is
located one and a half miles
from Lansing and contains
1,427 acres. Eight years ago
this land came into the possession
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of it was heavily wooded,
principally with beech and maple.
Charcoal at this time was in
large demand and Mr. Turner
saw a chance to clear up his
land and at the same time make
a handsome profit. Ovens were
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charcoal entered into on a large
scale. The land produced an
average of 75 cords of wood body
to the acre, and before operations
ceased the larger part of the
wood on the 1,427 acres had
been converted into charcoal.
The limbs of the trees which had
not been utilized were still on the
ground, and it became a question
how they could be most profitably
got rid of. On the farm were
found some fine beds of clay and
there was a good demand for
bricks. Mr. Turner at once entered
into the manufacture of bricks
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cost of production, and left the
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out the original design of Mr.
Turner which was to convert it
into a stock farm, for the breeding
of Clydesdale horses and the
breeding and feeding of cattle
and sheep.

AGRICULTURAL.

FEEDING PIGS FOR PORK.

The cheapness of wheat this season
has led farmers to consider whether
the lower grades could not be used
for feeding stock. If properly handled
it is one of the best that could
possibly be used for making
pork of extra quality. We remember
Mr. Wm. Smith, of the Marine Market,
buying a lot of damaged flour, taking
all the small potatoes he could get,
boiling them and then mixing with
the flour. Upon this he had a number
of hogs fed, and never did hogs grow
faster or do better. The pork was
less oily than if fed upon corn,
and was fine grained and very firm.
There could be no better way of
utilizing the surplus wheat of the
country than to turn a large portion
of the poorer qualities into pork. Corn
does a larger quantity of fat than
wheat, which has been considered
the chief object in feeding. But people
are learning that fat is not desirable
food in a climate so temperate as that
of this country. Nutritious, tender,
juicy flesh, free from an excess of
lard, is wanted for food. The demand
for meats of this description will
grow stronger year by year. It will
require and cause a marked change
in methods of feeding in this country.
Flesh-forming foods for stock will
be wanted, and fat producing
grain will be in less demand than
now. When that time comes, pigs
will be grown upon clover, peas and
other legumes, and then fattened upon
corn. This, we contend, is the only
way in which healthy meat can be
produced. The animal should be
grown before it is fattened, and corn
is not a good article for that purpose.
When less corn is fed to young
growing animals there will be fewer
complaints of cholera and other
diseases among the hogs, and pork
will be more popular with the masses
than it is at present.

BLOOD WILL TELL.

The familiar assertion that high bred
cattle are of no value except to meet
the wants of fancy breeders, and that
the blood would always settle between
them and ordinary bred animals in
favor of the latter, received a rude shock
by the splendid victories won by the white
steer Clarence Kirklevington, a pure
Shorthorn. This steer was bred at Bow
Park, Brantford, Ont., and was the
third successive year he had made his
appearance at the Fat Stock Show. He won
the first prize in his class as a yearling,
the first as a two-year-old and sweepstakes
in his class, and this year he was first as a
three-year-old in his class, first in sweep-
stakes in class, grand sweepstakes for
best beef in the show and grand sweep-
stakes for the best dressed carcass, being
more prizes than have ever been won by
a single animal at any previous show.
Now as to his breeding. His sire was the
Duke Duke of Clarence (38379), dam
the Imp. Kirklevington Duchess of Horton,
by Oxford's King 27897. Nothing but his
color prevented this fine animal from
being placed at the head of a herd, and it
seems too bad that so much merit should
be sacrificed on the block when it could
have been made available for breeding
purposes. But it has resulted in great
good to the breed and family to which he
belonged, and shows beyond dispute that
the quality for which the Shorthorns of
Thomas Bates were famous during his
lifetime is still retained in their descend-
ants, despite the carping of prejudiced
critics. There is one thing this victory
should do, and that is put an end to the
prejudice against white or light colors in
Shorthorns, and let true merit and not
fancy guide breeders in making their
selections of breeding stock.

It is estimated that it takes three pounds of
wheat to make one pound of worsted yarn, says
the Pittsburgh Stockman. Just so, and by the
reduction of the duty on yarns American man-
ufacturers now lay out them from Bradford,
Eng., thus cutting off the demand for Ameri-
can wool for that purpose.

SHORTHORN BREEDERS IN COUNCIL.

Conclusion of the Annual Meeting of the Michigan Association at Lansing.

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were furnished by Mr. J. M. Turner, and the
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out the original design of Mr.
Turner which was to convert it
into a stock farm, for the breeding
of Clydesdale horses and the
breeding and feeding of cattle
and sheep.

On arrival at the farm the party were
taken to the horse barn, 90x120 feet,
and built in a good substantial manner.
Here they were shown the thoroughbred
Clydesdale stallion Young Wellington,
now twelve years of age. He is a massive
horse, with a fine head, set on a neck and
shoulders that give every indication of
extraordinary strength. He is coupled
short and stands on a set of legs that
would please the eye of any horseman.
For his weight, he has very quick action,
and altogether is one of the best horses
of this breed ever brought to the State. Mr.
Turner has procured 48 well bred mares
and the produce from them shows that
Young Wellington transmits his good
qualities to his get.

Our next visit was to the sheep barn,
a building 60x230. Here we found 450
grade Southdowns, which are kept for
breeding, the lambs only being sent to
market, and here we would say that last
spring two double decks of them were sold
in Buffalo, which were said to be the best
marketed during the season. The sheep
are divided off into small bunches, and in
each pen is a tank filled at all times from
an artesian well on the farm, which
supplies an unlimited amount of water to all
the buildings.

Close by is the cattle barn, 50x300, which
contained 180 head of cattle, principally
yearlings, of which the steers were being
fed for market while the heifers are kept
for breeding. The stalls are 6x8, each
holding two animals. In the rear is a
sufficient room to drive in a wagon and in
this way the manure is removed. Yards
adjoin this barn and in each is a tank of
water, so that the cattle are at all times
supplied.

In a barn adjoining are the thorough-
bred cattle, consisting of 18 Herefords and
24 Shorthorns, many of which are very
good animals.

The barns throughout are models of
convenience for feeding, being designed
to save as much labor as possible. The
upper story is reached by an inclined
plane upon which the wagons are driven.
Large bins are built with shutters
leading below for the grain, while at in-
tervals of 20 feet shutters are placed to
carry the hay below; a tramway is laid
in the barn and a car loaded with grain or
cut food is propelled down the center of
the barn, enabling the feeder to deposit
the food to the two rows of cattle on the
same trip. In this way, while one man is
feeding the ration of hay another is
following with the grain, and the job is
completed inside of an hour.

In conversation with Mr. Turner we
found that he has some very practical
ideas which he hopes in time to put in
practice, and if he does not change his
mind, we predict that it will be but a few
years before this will become one of the
most noted farms in the State. Since the
first year of clearing was commenced
up to the present time, a full account
of receipts and expenditures on this
farm has been kept, and the books now
show a handsome balance to the credit of
the farm.

The party again took carriages, and
were driven to the Agricultural College.
Prof. Johnson acted as escort and con-
ducted the party to the stock department.
We found the animals going into winter
in good condition and were pleased to
notice a nice crop of young calves. But
the principal object of the visit was to
look over the recent purchases of the
College, the five highly bred Shorthorns
at the late sales in Chicago. A new exper-
imental feeding barn has just been com-
pleted and one half of it has been devoted

to the new arrivals. There are four of
them, which are fine representatives of
their different families, viz., the
Phyllis, Young Mary, Princess and
Rose of Sharon. The general opinion
expressed by the breeders was that
the selections were good, and that
the College had made a profitable in-
vestment. The other half of this barn
is now occupied by an Ayrshire, a Short
horn, a Jersey steer and a grade Galloway
heifer which have just been pu-
chased, and Prof. Johnson will in-
dulge in a season of experimental
feeding. The outbuildings at the College
have all been treated to a coat of paint of
a dark olive color, and with their red
trimmings make a decidedly handsome
appearance. Our stay at the College was
short, as the larger part of the afternoon
had been devoted to the Turner farm, so
that outside of the stock nothing was
looked over.

The final session of the Association
opened at 7 o'clock p. m. and we listened
to a very interesting paper by Prof. Grange
of the Agricultural College on "Causes
and Prevention of Abortion in Cows."
Many questions were asked by the mem-
bers and a large amount of information
gained from the Professor.

The discussion of the question of need-
ed State legislation on contagious cattle
diseases was then opened by Mr. H. H.
Hinds, who said that the legislation would
depend altogether on the action of the
several States. In Illinois the State law
protects the breeders, but diseased cattle
had been taken from that State into Ken-
tucky, which had no protective law, leav-
ing the breeders at the mercy of the im-
porters. Michigan was in the same con-
dition as Kentucky, and he thought the
time had arrived when it should receive
the attention of our legislators. He
thought that the matter should be brought
properly before the retiring and in-com-
ing Governors, and have them give it
special attention in their messages. Con-
tinuing, he said that so far we had escaped
pleuro-pneumonia, but are threatened
with great loss from Texas fever.

O. R. Patterning said that in Wayne
County heavy losses had occurred to par-
ties from Texas fever. He thought that
while these organizations were good
channels through which to get the matter
before the Legislature, yet it ought not
to be thrown entirely on them, as it was
a question in which every farmer of the
State as well as the breeders were inter-
ested in.

Mr. Edwin Phelps said that while in
his vicinity they had not suf-
fered from Texas fever, yet a large herd
of cattle suffering from a disease known
as "swelled jaw," had been brought into
the county from Detroit, and while there
was no law prohibiting it, yet the alarm
in the neighborhood from the fear that
it might prove contagious was so great
the owners were obliged to slaughter
them, and get rid of the beef outside of
Oakland County. He favored having the
Legislature take hold of the matter and
pass such laws as will protect the breeders
and farmers. I. N. Smith, of Bath,
thought there was nothing of more vital
importance to the farmers and breeders
than the enactment of laws that would
protect them from the introduction of
contagious cattle diseases. Our State
was on the great highway between the
Atlantic and Pacific, and her breeders
were liable to have their herds swept off
at any time. He thought the farmers
were not fully awake to the dangers that
menaced them.

Wm. Ball gave his ideas of the late
national legislation in regard to this
question. He said when the bill came up
it was opposed by many on the ground
that it interfered with State rights, and
as it finally passed it was so changed to
conform to this view, that it afforded but
little or no protection. The question of
how far a State could go in legislation to
keep cattle from another State out, was a
serious question, involving inter-State
commerce and State rights, and when it
came up the railroads would be a large
factor in the discussion.

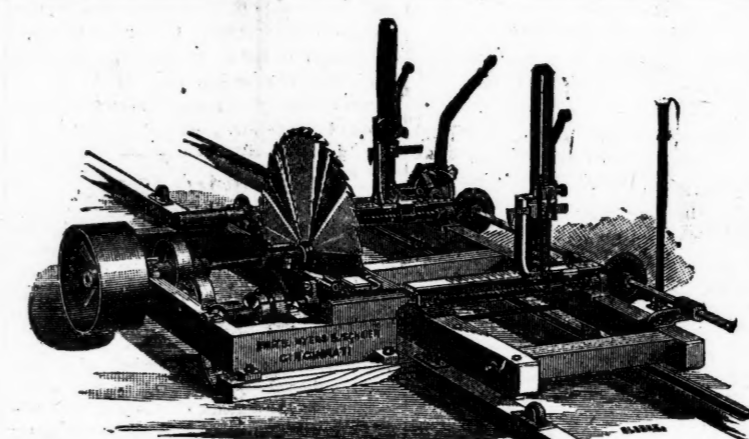
A committee consisting of President
Hinds, ex-president Ball, and Secretary
Butterfield was appointed to prepare a
suitable bill, and use all honorable means
to have it passed at the next session of the
Legislature.

On motion of H. H. Hinds the associa-
tion resolved to duplicate any premiums
awarded to Michigan breeders at the
Chicago Fat Stock Show for 1885. The
cattle to have been bred in the State.

On motion of Dwight Curtis a vote of
thanks was returned to Mr. J. M. Turner
and Prof. Johnson for courtesies extended
to the association.

Mr. Dimon, superintendent of Hiram
Walker & Sons' farm at Walkerville, Ont.,
thanked the association for the cordial
treatment given him, and invited mem-
bers when in Detroit to pay the farm a
visit, all were assured of a hearty wel-
come.

Mr. C. J. Moore opened up the question
of raising more funds for the association.
He thought there was no one interested
in Shorthorn cattle in the State, who if
solicited would not become a member.
The number is between two and three
hundred, and if each one would pay a
membership fee of one dollar yearly



STYLE "C" PLANTATION SAW MILL. MANUFACTURED BY SMITH, MYERS & SCHNIER, CINCINNATI, O.

there would be ample funds and more
could be accomplished. He therefore
moved that a committee of ten be ap-
pointed to see the breeders in their differ-
ent neighborhoods and solicit them to
become members. The motion was car-
ried and the committee appointed.

THE SPARROW.

The recent meeting of the State Horti-
cultural Society developed the fact that
the sparrow is becoming a serious dan-
ger and nuisance to farmers and fruit-
growers, as well as to inhabitants of cities.
In the discussion by members of the
State Society, Mr. L. D. Watkins of Man-
chester, Mich., who three years ago visit-
ed England, at the request of the Depart-
ment of Agriculture, to study the English
sparrow, stated that in England that bird
is a most serious pest to farmers and hor-
ticulturists. In many localities small
fruits, as well as cherries and plums, are
protected from them by netting made
for the purpose. The name "English
sparrow" is a misnomer, as it is, properly
speaking, a Continental bird which has
been introduced into the British Isles,
and has not even yet scattered over all
of them. It is also found in Iceland and
other northern countries. Prof. Baur
said that in Germany it is as serious a
pest as in England, and as it threatens
to become in America. Fields of grain are
often ruined by it, and every villager has
to pay an annual tax of so many sparrow
heads. In this country all legislative pro-
tection should be at once removed, and
energetic measures taken for the exter-
mination of the sparrows before they over-
run the country. Communities might
unite and offer a bounty for them; just
as many communities exterminate wood-
chucks. Sparrows make very good pot-
pie, but are difficult to shoot.

When this pest was first introduced in-
to this State by way of Monroe, the then
editor of this paper, the late R. F. John-
stone, warned the people that they were
bringing in a bird that had been pro-
nounced an unmitigated pest wherever
known; but this was laughed at, and the
sparrow was hailed as a devourer of in-
sects and a friend to the farmer and fruit-
grower. It is now known that they eat in-
sects when they get grain or fruit;
and not only refuse insect diet, but drive
away all other birds which are insectivores.
In cities they are a great nuisance.
They take possession of the eaves of a
building, load them up with all the trash
they can gather on the streets, and keep it
in a disgraceful state of uncleanness.
Some citizens yet talk sentimentally of the
sparrow, but to us they represent a most
unmitigated nuisance and pest. Let the
people of the State take means to exter-
minate them.

MICHIGAN SHORTHORNS IN VERMONT.

The herd of Shorthorns of L. E. Moore,
of Shoreham, Vermont, was established
two years ago by the purchase of six
head from Mr. Wm. Ball, of Hamburg,
Mich., of which three were Pomona's, two
Rose of Sharon, and a Young Phyllis
bull, all bred by Mr. Ball. At the county
fair in Addison County, Vt., last fall, this
herd took nearly all the premiums, in-
cluding all the firsts in each class and
also in herds. At the State Fair in Ver-
mont, against a good competition, this
herd secured all the first premiums but
one, not only reflecting credit on the
good selections made by Mr. Moore, but
also upon the breeder of the cattle.

The interest which is fast growing in
the Green Mountain State for Shorthorns
has induced Mr. Moore to again visit
Michigan, and he has added five head
more to his small herd, buying three
from Wm. Ball, of Hamburg, and two
from W. E. Boyden, of Delhi Mills. He
has taken nothing but well-bred, good
show animals. The young bull Duke of
Winchester, which will head the herd in
the future, is an exceedingly fine calf, one
that will be heard from in the show ring
as well as in the herd. His dam, Ellen
Coombs, is a fine show cow, as is the
young heifer Katie Coombs. Rosette 3d,
bought from W. E. Boyden, carried off
the blue ribbon at the Michi-
gan State Fair three years ago, when

owned by William Ball. Her calf, which
goes with her, is a good one, and is by
the Cruickshank bull Commander in
Chief, now owned by W. E. Boyden.
Mr. Moore, as he undoubtedly will,
ought to make it warm for any opposition
next year at the fair. He is to be con-
gratulated upon his fine purchases, and
our breeders are to be congratulated that
some of the money they have been pay-
ing out for sheep the past 30 years is be-
ginning to come back for Shorthorns—an
exchange that will benefit the breeders
and farmers of both States.

Smith, Myers & Schrier's Plantation Saw-Mills.

The illustration represents one of the
three styles of Plantation Saw Mills
manufactured by Messrs. Smith, Myers &
Schrier, Cincinnati, Ohio. These Mills
are intended for farmers and planters
having portable engines of from eight to
twenty-horse power, and enable them to
utilize their power after the threshing or
gleaning season is over. We give below a
short description of the mill. The frame
is either of solid iron, or is made with
wood sills and iron ends, as desired.
The mandrel is fitted with a standard
collar and will swing a saw up to 56
inches diameter. The bearings are extra
long and are lined with the best Babbitt
Metal. The Feed Works is of the most
improved pattern. A Patent Saw Guide
and a first-class Revolving Wedge are
furnished with each mill. The Carriage
is made of well seasoned yellow pine.
The Head Blocks are of the Independent
and Simultaneous Lever Setting pattern,
and are fitted with Patent Champion, Jr.,
Dogs. The list prices of the different
style mills are as follows: Style "A"
\$300; Style "B" \$350; Style "C" \$375.
The manufacturers request all parties
interested in a mill of this class to send
for their catalogue and special discounts
on above prices. Address Smith, Myers &
Schrier, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Seed Potatoes.

Prof. J. W. Sanborn, of the Missouri
State Agricultural College, has recently
issued Bulletin No 12, in which he gives
the results of tests covering nine years,
and conducted upon three farms, for de-
termining the comparative value of several
methods of planting potatoes. The aver-
age returns for seven years from meas-
ured ground and weighed potatoes, the
product of two farms, and in agreement
with unrecorded results on a third farm,
are summarized below, with their value
per acre, at 50 cents per bushel:

Product per acre, From.	Bushels.	Value.
Seed of whole potatoes, large.	234.1	\$117.05
Seed of whole potatoes, small.	177.	88.50
Seed of stem and of potatoes.	149.	74.50
Seed of seed and of potatoes.	155.	77.50
One eye to the hill.	81.	40.50
Two eyes to the hill.	104.	52.00
Three eyes to the hill.	169.	84.50

*Period of six years.

Prof. Sanborn concludes his report
with the remark that from those seeking
for facts to apply to farming for profit,
or commercial farming, he invites care-
ful attention to the significance of these
figures, covering the length of time and
variety of conditions that they do.

The First Hereford Herd in Michigan.

Pony HUNTER, December 17, 1884.
To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.
I notice in the last FARMER that your
correspondent "Michigan" proposes at
some future date to give a description
of the oldest Hereford herd in Michigan.
Judging from a remark in connection, I
anticipate that he will be somewhat astray
on this point. I feel quite positive that
when a description of the oldest
Hereford herd in the State that has been
bred continuously from its foundation is
written, it will describe the herd of Mr.
Edwin Phelps, of Maple Grove Farm, near
Pontiac. I write this only in the interest
of accurate history.

Eastern Michigan Sheep-Breeders' and Wool-Growers' Association.

The third annual meeting of the East-
ern Michigan Sheep-Breeders' Association
will be held in the village of Plymouth on
Saturday, December 27th, at 10 a. m., for
the election of officers and such other
business as may come before the meeting.
C. M. THORNTON, Secretary.
V. QUACKENBUSH, President.

PENCIL SKETCHES BY THE WAY.

Notes in Livingston County—The Short-
horn Herd of Wm. & Alex. McPherson,
of Howell.

Livingston County, in many respects,
is one of the best among those that form
our State and add to it and our nation's
wealth. It comprises 16 townships. Its
surface is generally undulating, some
portions hilly, but not rising into moun-
tains. Its soil is gravelly loam in the
south and easterly portions, in the west
and northerly part is heavier and
more inclining to clay. In one of
the townships, that of Hartland, is the
highest elevation, also the water shed
of the county, the waters running
each way and into Lakes Michigan, Huron
and Erie. The largest stream, the
Shiawassee River, takes its rise in the
lakes in the town of Marion passes into
Genesee, unites there with the east branch,
forming the main stream which joins
the Saginaw and flows into the Saginaw
Bay and Lake Huron. The appearance
of the county as mapped is dotted
with small lakes, small streams, etc. In the early days, ere
the white man came, the Indian roamed,
hunted and fished in the forest glades,
streams and lakes, perhaps for centuries
before the time had arrived in the pro-
gress of civilization for its development.
But the time came, the hardy pioneers
were ready to perform their part, and
thus in 1828, as a forerunner in this work,
Col. Solomon Peterson came from West-
ern New York and located in what is now
the town of Putnam, and lived for some
time without a white neighbor. But this
land, not an unbroken wilderness but a
large area of splendid and rich oak open-
ings, interspersed with old Indian cor-
dons, could not long remain unshorn,
and the sturdy yeomanry of that State
saw here an inviting field for their work,
and shortly after flocked here in large
numbers. They soon demonstrated that
the reports of scheming traders and hun-
ters were false, for on their advent here
they found not irreclaimable marshes and
barren knolls, but a fertile and beautiful
land, only waiting for the axe and plow,
and ready under these civilizing influences
to yield large returns for toil and labor.
With their coming the wildness of nature
was soon changed; now we find in our
travels thousands of cultivated and fer-
tile acres, pleasant and cultivated homes,
with thriving villages, etc. Howell, the
county seat, is located nearly in the cen-
ter of the county, and is one of the most
attractive villages in the State; it is distant
from Detroit 53 miles and from Lansing
33 miles. Was settled in 1834, laid out as
a village in 1835, and incorporated in
1863, with its first and only railroad, the
D, L. & N., opened for traffic in 1871. It
has a small water power, slightly used,
two banks, two weekly papers, good ho-
tels, five churches, fine school buildings,
with lodges of the various secret societies,
private residences, and is the shipping
point for a large amount of farmers' pro-
duce, it being in the center of one of the
finest wheat growing regions of the State.
In those early days, as referred to, the
raising of cattle became one of the promi-
nent interests, for the wild marsh
grasses yielded summer pasture and win-
ter food, till the time when labor had
prepared and fitted the higher land pas-
tures for them. If the readers of the
FARMER have followed us in our way-
ward ramblings over the State for the
last few months, they cannot but recol-
lect that we have devoted time to the
herds and flocks in this county. Among
Shorthorn breeders Hon. Wm. Ball, Frank
E. Ives, Chas. Fishbeck, B. F. Batcheler,
were visited and we intend to visit L.
K. Beach, Frank E. Smith, and several
others; while the flocks of pure bred Mo-
rinos belonging to the Messrs. Hardy, E.
Kellogg, H. L. Doane, Wm. Ball, Wm.
Smith, S. G. Teeple, George Wright and
others, have been duly visited and recog-
nized. We have up to this time, how-
ever, failed to call upon the owners of one
of the largest herds in the county, one
that has been known for a long time not
only for its numbers, for the sales from it,
but also for the breeding of its members,
and their intrinsic value. We refer to
the herd of Messrs. Wm. and Alex. Mc-
Pherson. While on our way to Lansing,
we decided to accept a long standing in-
vitation and see and know more of them.
As we walked to the farm on the after-
noon of December 1st, we learned from
the junior partner that his father, Wm.
McPherson, Sr., came to this country
from Scotland in 1835, when there was
but one log house in what is now the vil-
lage of Howell, where his trade of a
blacksmith was immediately resorted to,
and carried on with all the zeal and en-
ergy for which he has been since noted.
We here remember that others have told
us of his life, of his entering into trade in
1841, of his successful and honorable ca-
reer as a business man in the county, of
his liberal public spirit and enterprise,
and feel assured that the corporation of
Howell and County of Livingston have
reason to be proud of the pioneer black-
smith, who, with his sons, has been so
enterprising and reliable. The old gen-

tleman has now passed his four-score
years, but is as active as many of less
years, while his mental faculties are as
bright as ever. The walk to the farm was
but of few minutes' duration, for the
whole 400 acres of rich productive land is
within the corporation limits of the vil-
lage, it has all been purchased since 1870
in small portions or parcels from different
owners, and now, in its completed whole,
is one of the best stock farms in this
county, and excelled by few in the State.
The surface of it is quite level and well
improved, there having been over five
miles of tiling done upon it. The three
tenant houses and other farm buildings,
including four barns, granaries, etc., are
quite ample and convenient; the box
stalls and open ones for the breeding,
growing and fattening animals, are well ar-
ranged for convenience in feeding, and
also ventilation and light. Still, in some
respects, they are inferior to others we
have seen. Forty acres of this grand
farm is still heavily timbered. The special
crops are wheat, oats and corn. A mo-
men's glance at first is given to the ele-
gant brick mansion, with stables, etc.,
occupied as a home residence by the
junior member of the firm, and we can-
not but consider it a handsome home for
either farmer or business man.

The breeding of Shorthorns by this firm
was started in 1875 by the purchase of
four females, since which other purchases
have been made, with large additions
by births upon the farm. Although large
drafts have been made upon the herd by
both private and public sales, the herd
now numbers more than fifty, at the head
of which stands the grand old stock bull,
now six years old, Waterloo Duke 34372,
bred by and purchased from the Bow
Park Association of Brantford, Ont., in
1879. He was sired by imp. 4th Duke of
Clarence (33597), the sire of the celebrated
Clarence Kirklevington, and out of Ox-
ford Waterloo 5th by Duke of Athelstane
(21563). In describing a herd of the size and
individual excellence of this one, we al-
ways regret our limited space, and in this
instance can but notice the most promi-
nent animals and the several families re-
presented. The females comprise Stray-
berries, Darlings, Young Marys, Young
Phyllises, and Oxford Vanquishes. The
aged Lissa was calved in 1872, was got by
3rd Duke of Hillsdale 9884, out of Mag-
dala by Duke Balder 13560, tracing to
imp. Strawberry, has been a grand breed-
er, the dam of twelve calves, and her
stock scattered all over the State and set-
ting at high prices; there are three of her
heifers yet on the farm. The twelve year
roan imp. Oxford Vanquish 4th, was pur-
chased from Avery & Murphy, was got by
Baron Oxford 3d (23376), out of Vanquish
6th by General Barrington (21810), traces
from high ancestry, has been the dam of
ten calves, and is due again. Of her pro-
duce we notice Oxford Vanquish 10th,
14th and 18th, all got by Waterloo Duke.
The Oxford Vanquish 8th was bred by
Avery & Murphy, is six years old, was
got by 23d Duke of Aldrie (19393), out of
Oxford Vanquish 6th by Beau of Oxford
4568; her produce yet on the farm are
Oxford Vanquish 12th and 24th, both by
Waterloo Duke. Oxford 10th is four years
old, was got by Waterloo Duke and is the
dam of the 16th, 20th and 26th. The three
year old Oxford Vanquish 12th was got
by Waterloo Duke out of Oxford Vanquish
8th by 23d Duke of Aldrie (19393), and is
the dam of the fine 24th, got by Barrington
Duke of Sharon. The two year old Van-
quish 14th is one of the prize animals at
the last State Fair, and won a ribbon in
the Sweepstakes with Waterloo Duke and
four of his get. Waterloo 39th is seven
years old, was bred at Bow Park,
Ont., was sired by imp. Grand Duke of
Thorndale 2d (31295), out of Waterloo
84th (Vol. 18). Her increase is the two
year old Waterloo Maid, who has a hand-
some heifer calf by side of 2d Duke of Kent
51119. The red four years old Lillie B.
Barrington was also bred by the Hamil-
tons, and is one of their favorite Young
Marys of the highest character; she was
got by Barrington Duke 37622, of Air-
drie 18872. Her produce is Lillie
B. 2d, who was bred by the Hamil-
tons, and has a young heifer by Waterloo
Duke. The bull now in the herd to use
upon the young females is the handsome
and highly bred two year old Barrington
Duke of Sharon 54679, who was bred
by J. C. & G. Hamilton, of Flat Creek,
Ky. He was got by Barrington Duke 3d
37624, and of the Bates Barrington tribe,
(a family of high character and destined
to be one of the foremost among Short-
horns), by Barrington Duke 27622, (son of
the \$17,000 14th Duke of Thorndale), out
of imp. Lally 8th, etc. The dam of the
young bull was Rosebud of Sharon (bred
by A. Renick, (Vol. 24), by Airdrie 2478,
etc., running to imp. Rose of Sharon by
Belvedere (1706). This herd is one of
much merit and high breeding in its gen-

(Continued on eighth page.)

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DETROIT, TUESDAY, DEC. 16, 1884.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 98,401 bu., against 97,164 bu. the previous week and 123,717 bu. for corresponding week in 1883. Shipments for the week were 14,993 bu. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 459,483 bu., against 398,607 last week, and 374,645 bu. for the corresponding week in 1883. The visible supply of this grain on December 6 was 40,809,033 bu., against 39,341,367 the previous week, and 34,185,933 bu. at corresponding date in 1883. This shows an increase over the amount in sight the previous week of 1,567,099 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending December 6 were 1,015,324 bu., against 1,079,027 the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 8,557,632 bu. against 8,394,018 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1883.

The market has shown signs of strength the past week, and values on both spot and futures tended upwards. On Saturday, however, a dullness that could be felt fell upon the market, and neither cash wheat nor futures appeared to have any friends to stand by them. Chicago was dull, depressed and lower, and closed weak. Our local market followed in its wake, and initiated it as closely as the narrow limits of this trade here would allow. At the close of the day prices had dropped 1/4¢ all round, but values averaged higher on both spot and futures than a week ago. Yesterday this market was quiet and trading light, but values were sustained and towards the close were advanced over Saturday's prices. Only 25 cars of cash wheat were sold, and 90,000 bu. of futures. Chicago was active, unsettled, but finally closed 1/4¢ higher than Saturday. No. 2 red sold there at 73¢, and No. 3 at 57¢. Toledo was quiet and firm, with No. 2 red quoted at 66 1/2¢, and January delivery at 67 1/2¢. Liverpool was quoted steady, with fair demand.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from Dec. 1st to Dec. 15th:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4
Dec. 1	73 1/2	70 1/2	61	58
" 2	73 1/2	70 1/2	61	58
" 3	73 1/2	70 1/2	61	58
" 4	73 1/2	70 1/2	61	58
" 5	73 1/2	70 1/2	61	58
" 6	73 1/2	70 1/2	61	58
" 7	73 1/2	70 1/2	61	58
" 8	73 1/2	70 1/2	61	58
" 9	73 1/2	70 1/2	61	58
" 10	73 1/2	70 1/2	61	58
" 11	73 1/2	70 1/2	61	58
" 12	73 1/2	70 1/2	61	58
" 13	73 1/2	70 1/2	61	58
" 14	73 1/2	70 1/2	61	58
" 15	73 1/2	70 1/2	61	58

The following statement gives the closing figures on No. 1 white each day of the past week for the various deals:

	Dec. 1	Dec. 2	Dec. 3	Dec. 4	Dec. 5	Dec. 6	Dec. 7	Dec. 8	Dec. 9	Dec. 10	Dec. 11	Dec. 12	Dec. 13	Dec. 14	Dec. 15
Tuesday	73 1/2	70 1/2	61	58	73 1/2	70 1/2	61	58	73 1/2	70 1/2	61	58	73 1/2	70 1/2	61
Wednesday	73 1/2	70 1/2	61	58	73 1/2	70 1/2	61	58	73 1/2	70 1/2	61	58	73 1/2	70 1/2	61
Thursday	73 1/2	70 1/2	61	58	73 1/2	70 1/2	61	58	73 1/2	70 1/2	61	58	73 1/2	70 1/2	61
Friday	73 1/2	70 1/2	61	58	73 1/2	70 1/2	61	58	73 1/2	70 1/2	61	58	73 1/2	70 1/2	61
Saturday	73 1/2	70 1/2	61	58	73 1/2	70 1/2	61	58	73 1/2	70 1/2	61	58	73 1/2	70 1/2	61
Sunday	73 1/2	70 1/2	61	58	73 1/2	70 1/2	61	58	73 1/2	70 1/2	61	58	73 1/2	70 1/2	61

For No. 2 red the closing prices on the various deals each day of the past week were as follows:

	Dec. 1	Dec. 2	Dec. 3	Dec. 4	Dec. 5	Dec. 6	Dec. 7	Dec. 8	Dec. 9	Dec. 10	Dec. 11	Dec. 12	Dec. 13	Dec. 14	Dec. 15
Tuesday	66 1/2	67 1/2	68 1/2	69 1/2	66 1/2	67 1/2	68 1/2	69 1/2	66 1/2	67 1/2	68 1/2	69 1/2	66 1/2	67 1/2	68 1/2
Wednesday	66 1/2	67 1/2	68 1/2	69 1/2	66 1/2	67 1/2	68 1/2	69 1/2	66 1/2	67 1/2	68 1/2	69 1/2	66 1/2	67 1/2	68 1/2
Thursday	66 1/2	67 1/2	68 1/2	69 1/2	66 1/2	67 1/2	68 1/2	69 1/2	66 1/2	67 1/2	68 1/2	69 1/2	66 1/2	67 1/2	68 1/2
Friday	66 1/2	67 1/2	68 1/2	69 1/2	66 1/2	67 1/2	68 1/2	69 1/2	66 1/2	67 1/2	68 1/2	69 1/2	66 1/2	67 1/2	68 1/2
Saturday	66 1/2	67 1/2	68 1/2	69 1/2	66 1/2	67 1/2	68 1/2	69 1/2	66 1/2	67 1/2	68 1/2	69 1/2	66 1/2	67 1/2	68 1/2
Sunday	66 1/2	67 1/2	68 1/2	69 1/2	66 1/2	67 1/2	68 1/2	69 1/2	66 1/2	67 1/2	68 1/2	69 1/2	66 1/2	67 1/2	68 1/2

The following statement shows the amount of wheat in sight at the dates given this season as compared with last year:

	1884	1883
Visible supply in U. S. and Can.	39,241,367	34,185,933
On passage for U. S. and Can.	14,880,000	14,880,000
On passage for Europe	3,794,000	3,794,000
Total Nov. 22	57,905,367	52,859,933
Total previous week	56,266,933	51,065,933
Total two weeks ago	53,704,933	49,271,933
Total Dec. 1, 1883	51,203,933	47,478,933

The total sales of wheat in this market the past week were only 240 car-loads of spot and 450,000 bu. of futures. Street prices for wheat from farmers' wagons ranged from 60 to 70¢ per bu. for white, and 65 to 75¢ for red.

There is nothing new to note in the outlook. Certainly prices are a shade better than a week ago, but they are again on the down grade. There is more wheat than buyers. Every day brings reports of the shutting down of mills and factories, the reduction of wages of employees. This results in diminished consumption of all kinds of food, as well as of manufactured goods, and adds to the depression. Trade papers and some of the daily press are talking hopefully, but beyond the assurance that we will finally recover from the effects of this stagnation we fail to see many signs of encouragement. Some people profess to believe that Congress will do something to relieve the present distress, but just how it can do so is a conundrum. It is easier to destroy confidence and stop industrial enterprises than to replace them. For two years Congress has labored faithfully in one direction, by keeping up a constant agitation over the tariff, and it will take ten years to place the country back where it was when the agitation began. All we hope for is that Congress will keep quiet and will do no further injury, leaving the patient to his fate so copiously to gradually recover strength. Until trade revives, factories and mills reopen, and capitalists recover from their scare, we may look in vain for a permanent improvement in the values of all products, whether of the

soil, the work-shop, the mine or the factory.

The following table shows the prices ruling at Liverpool on Monday last, as compared with those of one week previous:

	Dec. 15.	Dec. 8.
Flour, extra State	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.
Wheat, No. 1 white	6s. 11d.	6s. 11d.
do Spring No. 2 old	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.
do do do new 6s. 9d.	6s. 10d.	6s. 10d.
do Winter Western 6s. 9d.	6s. 10d.	6s. 10d.

CORN AND OATS.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 51,679 bu., against 45,886 bu. the previous week, and 63,388 bu. for the corresponding week in 1883. Shipments were 50,148 bu. The visible supply in the country on Dec. 6 amounted to 5,365,656 bu., against 5,147,600 bu. the previous week, and 8,329,842 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows an increase during the week of 201,056 bu. The exports for Europe the past week were 802,337 bu., against 438,104 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 2,650,570 bu., against 5,477,196 bu. for the corresponding period in 1883. The stocks now held in this city amount to 7,604 bu., against 7,455 bu. last week, and 44,195 bu. at the corresponding date in 1883. Corn was active and firm all the past week until Saturday, when, under a limited demand and reported weakness at other points, prices declined below those ruling a week ago. No. 2 is now quoted at 38 1/2¢, and for December delivery at 37 1/2¢; new mixed is quoted at 37¢, and high mixed at 39¢. Chicago also advanced during the week, but has fallen back to about its former range. Spot No. 2 is quoted at 37 1/2¢, December delivery at 37 1/2¢, January at 35 1/2¢, and February at 34 1/2¢. At Toledo corn is quoted dull, with No. 2 selling at 38¢, December deliveries at 38¢, and January at 37 1/2¢ per bu. The foreign markets are apparently stronger. Receipts of corn from the west are falling off, owing probably to bad roads and low prices. A great deal of corn will be burned this year for fuel.

The following statement shows the visible supply in the United States and Canada, and on passage to the United States and the Continent of Europe at dates named, as compared with the same date last year:

	1884.	1883.
Visible supply in U. S. and Can.	5,147,000	5,147,000
On passage for U. S. and Can.	840,000	840,000
On passage for Europe	396,000	396,000
Total Nov. 22	6,383,000	6,383,000
Total previous week	5,490,497	5,490,497
Total two weeks ago	5,201,118	5,201,118
Total Dec. 1st, 1883	10,405,995	10,405,995

The Liverpool market yesterday was quoted steady at 55. 6 1/2¢. per bushel for new mixed, and 56. 6d. for old do., the same figures as reported a week ago on old and an advance of 1d. on new mixed.

The receipts of oats in this market the past week were 16,555 bu., against 15,148 bu. the previous week, and 43,027 bu. for the corresponding week in 1883. The shipments were 1,830 bu. The visible supply of this grain on December 6 was 3,302,210 bu., against 3,945,507 bu. at the corresponding date in 1883. Stocks in this city on Monday amounted to 14,891 bu., against 16,271 bu. the previous week, and 60,759 bu. at the same date last year. The exports for Europe the past week were 321,761 bu., against 19,789 bu. for the corresponding weeks in 1883. The visible supply shows an increase of 68,946 bu. during the week. There is little change to note in this grain. The market is very dull, and No. 2 white are quoted at 28 1/2¢, and No. 2 mixed at 27 1/2¢ per bu. There is a light demand at these prices. On the street quotations range from 24 to 27¢ per bu., according to quality. Chicago is quoted quiet and weak at about the prices of a week ago, namely, 23 1/2¢ for No. 2 spot, December deliveries at 24¢, January at 24¢, and May at 27 1/2¢ per bu. Toledo is reported quiet and steady at 26 1/2¢ for No. 2 spot, 26 1/2¢ for December deliveries, and 30 1/2¢ for May. At New York the market is showing weakness, although the range of prices differs very little from that of a week ago. Quotations there are as follows: No. 3 mixed, 31 1/2¢; No. 2 do, 32 1/2¢; No. 1 do, 33 1/2¢; No. 2 Chicago mixed, 33 1/2¢; No. 3 white, 32 1/2¢; No. 2 do, 33 1/2¢; No. 1 white, 35¢; Western white, 33 1/2¢; State white, 33 1/2¢.

HOPS AND BARLEY.

Like the sick man in the story, the hop market seems to be getting no better very fast. There is nothing promising in the present situation or future outlook of the market. Foreign hops are selling so cheap this year that American are not wanted, at least at present. There is a general apathy in the trade, and buyers do not like to buy largely of an article that will drop a cent a pound in the next twenty-four hours. Considerable New York hops have been sold to dealers and brewers here. The Californians, so much lauded a few years ago, have lost their prestige in this market. While handsome looking, they have neither the strength nor quality of the New York, and brewers found they had to use from a quarter to a third more of them. This was too much of a difference for practical men to stand, and they now pay less for looks and more for intrinsic value, on the principle that "hand-some is as handsome does." The interior New York markets are in a dull and unsatisfactory condition, values tending slightly downwards. At Waterville, the Times quotes prices as follows: Choice, 15¢; prime 13¢; low grades, 10¢; 12¢; yearlings, 8¢; 10¢. That paper says of the market in its Friday's edition: "Since Tuesday the market has continued to drag and but little business has been done. Even Harris sold his large growth yesterday at 15¢. Poor grades and yearlings are hard to sell at any price within the quoted limits. There were three good-sized lots sold yesterday at 15 cents. It is said a lot of the Vanderhoof, '83 hops, were sold in New York yesterday at 15 cents per pound. The market remains unsettled, and is declining. The New York market is again lower, and with a slack demand from the home trade, increased receipts from abroad and a decrease in shipments, certainly hops are not in shape to show much firmness. The N. Y. Daily Bulletin says: "An exceedingly dull market is still to

be reported, and as yet there is nothing in the way of demand or even inquiry, that would relieve the market from the depression heretofore prevailing. Not many goods are offering here, for the reason that holders find no one to buy at anything like reasonable prices. In a small way, however, it might possibly be obtained for a first class article, but 15¢ seems all that there is the least chance of realizing for a round lot."

Quotations in that market yesterday were as follows:

N. Y. State, crop of 1884, prime to choice	17 1/2
do do do low to fair	16 1/2
N. Y. State, crop of 1883, good to prime	16 1/2
Pacific coast, crop of 1884, fair to prime	16 1/2
Pacific coast, crop of 1883, fair to prime	16 1/2
Eastern do do do	15 1/2

The domestic receipts and exports of hops, and the imports of foreign at the port of New York were as follows for the periods named:

Domestic receipts for the past week	1,999
For corresponding week in 1883	1,999
Since Sept. 1, 1884	38,313
Same time in 1883	56,570
Exports to Europe for the past week	2,339
For corresponding week in 1883	2,339
For Sept. 1, 1884	15,341
For corresponding week in 1883	15,341
Imports from foreign for the past week	501
For corresponding week in 1883	501
For Sept. 1, 1884	501
For corresponding week in 1883	501
For same time last year	507

The receipts of barley in this market the past week were 20,474 bu., against 46,778 the previous week, and 23,384 the corresponding week last year. The shipments were nothing. The visible supply of this grain in the United States and Canada on December 1st was 2,075,398 bu., against 2,754,633 bu. the previous week, and 2,563,308 bu. at the corresponding date in 1883. The past week has been an unsatisfactory one for sellers, as trade was very dull and values weak. Quotations show a decline of fully 5¢ per cent on State, with lower rates not seeming to help the inquiry. State is quoted at 1 1/2¢ to 1 3/4¢ per cent, according to quality and condition. Choice samples of Canada would bring more, but there are none offering. Many maltsters have secured stocks of Canadian, purchased for them there. The Chicago market is also weaker under increased receipts. Quotations there for samples are 56¢ per bu. for No. 2, 42¢ for No. 3, and 40¢ for No. 4. In store No. 2 commands 54¢ per bu., and No. 3 40¢. The Milwaukee market is quiet and steady at 49¢ per bu. for No. 2 Western, and 42¢ for No. 3. The visible supply has decreased 679,265 bu., and is nearly half a million bushels less than at same date last year.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

Butter is no exception in the general depression that characterizes the market for all farm products. The inquiry is light and confined to the home trade, which provides but a small outlet for the tons of low grade stock which have been coming forward all fall. It is a bad market for anything but good fresh made table butter, very little of which is offered by dealers. For the best of the receipts 18¢ is an outside figure, and values then run down to 6¢ for "grease" stock. Creamery is fairly steady at 25¢ per lb., per lb., with offerings light. The Chicago market is quiet and slightly lower. Receipts are larger than requirements. Quotations there are as follows: Fancy creamery, 26¢; choice, 26¢; fair to good, 25¢; 25¢; choice dairy, 20¢; fair to good, 16¢; 16¢; common grades, 13¢; 13¢; packing stock, 8¢. At New York the market shows a lower range of prices except for the very choicest fancy lots, which being scarce, are held with some degree of firmness; all other grades are weak and generally lower. State stock is quoted there as follows:

Creamery, fancy, full cream	29 3/4
Creamery, choice, full cream	29 3/4
Creamery, prime, full cream	29 3/4
Creamery, fair to good, full cream	29 3/4
Creamery, ordinary, full cream	29 3/4
Half-cream tubs, best	25 1/2
Half-cream tubs, fair	25 1/2
Half-cream tubs, ordinary	25 1/2
Whole tubs, best	25 1/2
Whole tubs, fair	25 1/2
Whole tubs, ordinary	25 1/2

Quotations on western stock in that market are as follows:

Western imitation creamery, choice	21 1/2
Western do, good to prime	18 3/4
Western do, ordinary to fair	15 1/2
Western dairy, good	15 1/2
Western dairy, fair	15 1/2
Western dairy, ordinary	12 1/2
Western factory, best current make	12 1/2
Western factory, fair to good	12 1/2
Western factory, ordinary	9 1/2

The exports of butter from American ports for the week ending Dec. 1 were 449,903 lbs., against 595,783 lbs. the previous week, and 774,552 lbs. two weeks previous. The exports for the corresponding week in 1883 were 439,932 lbs.

Cheese has met with a fair demand, and with light stocks of full cream holders have been able to not only hold their ground in this market, but even advance rates. Choice State stock, of well known makes, has sold up to 14¢, with 12 1/2¢ covering the bulk of the sales. The Chicago market has been quiet and steady, with prices maintained at the range noted a week ago. Trade is light there, but as stocks are also holders are enabled to keep up rates. At New York fancy stock holds a firm position, and for exceptional lots buyers would have to pay above quotations. As a whole, the market may be put down as steady, with the only tendency to weakness in the lower grades. Where quality is all right sellers are quite firm. The export demand is rather light, and shippers are not inclined to push business. Quotations there are as follows:

State factory, Sept., special selections	18 1/2
State factory, full cream, fancy colored	18 1/2
State factory, full cream, plain colored	18 1/2
State factory, fine to choice full cream	18 1/2
State factory, fairly full cream	9 1/2
State factory, fair to good	9 1/2
State factory, skims, fair to good	9 1/2
State factory, skims, ordinary	9 1/2
Ohio State, prime to choice	11 1/2
Ohio State, fair to good	9 1/2
Skims, Pennsylvania, prime to good	14 1/2
Skims, Pennsylvania, fair to good	14 1/2

The Liverpool market is quoted dull at 62s. per cwt., the same figures as reported one week ago.

The receipts of cheese in the New York market the past week were 54,106 boxes against 70,979 boxes the previous week and 35,708 boxes the corresponding week in 1883. The exports from all American ports for the week ending Dec. 1st foot 2,475,339 lbs., against 8,007,224 lbs. the previous week, and 8,009,392 two weeks ago. The exports for the corresponding week last year were 2,563,338 lbs.

The President of the National Association of Swine Breeders has issued a call for a convention to meet at Washington, D. C., on Wednesday, January 14, 1885, to take some action in reference to the restrictions placed upon American pork products by foreign governments.

WOOL AT THE EAST.

The eastern wool markets are fairly active, and although prices are unchanged, they are firm. In fact some holders are not anxious to sell at present. They see stocks declining, prices too low to admit of importations, and six months to run before a new clip comes forward. There is no doubt but that the demand has improved, and that the whole tone of the market favors holders. No Michigan X is now sold below 30¢, nor XX Ohio below 35¢. Were all the factories running as usual, it would be safe to predict an advance of 5¢ per lb. But this is not the wool-growers' year.

At New York fine grades remain firm, without further improvement, and probably some little shrinkage in trade, buyers not at the moment hesitating to want any great quantity. In short, as a whole, the general market may be considered as in very good form, but not by any means buoyant. Referring to the outlook, the U. S. Economist says:

"The London Colonial sales, just closed, leave the markets abroad in a position which hardly justifies any importation of good wools from abroad, except as they may be imported for a purpose direct to the large mill corporations. As for instance, unwashed superior Port Phillip, which is worth in London, England, 16d., costs 46¢ laid down here, duty paid, thus carrying the cost of the scour and the cost of a superior grade of wool as good as spot of clothing wool of native growth here not to cost over 70¢ scoured, being a difference of 26¢ in favor of our home wool. New Zealand, worth 15d., superior unwashed, with a shrink of 10 per cent, will cost 44¢ for the scour and the cost of a superior grade of wool as good as spot of clothing wool of native growth here not to cost over 70¢ scoured, being a difference of 26¢ in favor of our home wool. New Zealand, worth 15d., superior unwashed, with a shrink of 10 per cent, will cost 44¢ for the scour and the cost of a superior grade of wool as good as spot of clothing wool of native growth here not to cost over 70¢ scoured, being a difference of 26¢ in favor of our home wool. New Zealand, worth 15d., superior unwashed, with a shrink of 10 per cent, will cost 44¢ for the scour and the cost of a superior grade of wool as good as spot of clothing wool of native growth here not to cost over 70¢ scoured, being a difference of 26¢ in favor of our home wool. New Zealand, worth 15d., superior unwashed, with a shrink of 10 per cent, will cost 44¢ for the scour and the cost

Poland-Chinas.

A. O. BOWEN, Wixom, breeder of pure-bred Poland China swine, from stock bred by H. Todd, Bardsley, Ind., and A. J. Murphy, record in Ohio P. C. Record. Choice yearling stock for sale. July 15

A. C. LIMBICK, Oak Plains Stock Farm, near Land China swine, breeder and shipper of pure Poland China swine, from stock bred by record personally in Ohio from prize winners. Choice yearling stock for sale. July 15

C. H. STANTON, Proprietor of Wood Land Stock Farm, St. Louis, Gratiot Co., breeder and shipper of pure bred Poland China swine and fowls. Correspondence solicited. July 15

H. I. LINZEY, Rochester, Oakland Co., breeder of pure Poland China swine, all registered fowls. Stock for sale. July 15

IF you want pure Poland-China swine of both strains of blood or choice registered Merle Poland China swine, write to me before you purchase elsewhere. C. M. Feltz, Hancock, Washtenaw Co., Mich.

Cheshires.

L. W. FITCH, Howell, Livingston Co., breeder of thoroughbred Cheshires. Stock for sale. Correspondence promptly answered. 07-13

W. TITSWORTH, Millington, Tuscola Co., breeder and shipper of Improved Cheshires. Swine—a specialty. Order early. Correspondence solicited. Jan 11

HORSES.—Draft and Trotting.

A LONZO SESSIONS, Grand River Valley Stock Farm, Ionia, breeder of Cleveland B. Coach and Roadster horses. Imported Danes in the stud. *mya*

A PHILLIPS, Dansville, Ingham Co., breeder of Clydeville horses. Imported Earl D. more, Young Chancellor, Young Marquis, A. Young Campus in the stud. Young stallions in stock for sale. *12-1-12*

E WOODMAN, Paw Paw, Breeder of Furore Iron Horses. The well known Duke of Furore still at head of stud. Young stock for sale at times at moderate prices. Write for what you want.

G. W. FLETCHER, Orchard Grove Sta.
Farm, Mt. Clemens, Macomb Co., breeders
trotting and draft horses, with Carver (standard)
2667, Macomb an imported Clyde saddle
2137, 1900 in the stud. Stock for sale. m

HILLSIDE STOCK FARM, Watervliet, R.
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Percheron horses and imported Trojan No. 1
(832) at the head of the stud.

OW. PARSELL, Flushing, Genesee Co.
importer and breeder of Clyde sables &
horses, with fine stallions in the stud, including
imp. Lord of the Tower (2972), Solway
(3207) and Clinker (1700). Stock for sale. m

PORTLAND BREEDING STABLES—
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 Percheron Stud Book. Stock for sale at rea-
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R. G. HART, Lapeer, breeder of Normandy, Percheron hogs, Trotting-bred Dorset Hereford and Galloway Cattle, Merino Sheep and Cheeshire Hogs. No fancy prices. D-2

Duroc-Jerseys.

JOHN W. FOSTER, Flint, Genesee breeder and shipper of pure-bred Duroc, say Red swine, registered Atwood Merino and Black-red registered Red game fowls. J-2

DOGS.—Collies.*

CHARLES INMAN, Averill, Midland
breeder of thoroughbred Scotch Collies. Over
herd pups from the best of stock for \$3.00. Com-
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"SCOTCH COLLIES."
Lords of the Highlands. I am breeding
from the best and purest imported stock, and
lately made several additions to my kennel of
lives of superior individual excellence. I have
just from the finest breeding yards of the
Rocks in the west. My Berkeleys are herd
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merit
J. A. ARMSTRONG, Orono, Me.

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LOUIS MEYER, Brighton, breeder of class Light Brahmas, Langshans, Plymouth Rocks, Brown Leghorns, Rouen and Pekin du Bronze turkeys and Toulouse geese. Chickens eggs for sale in season. 48-

MRS. W. J. LAWRENCE, Battle Creek, breeder of pure bred poultry, Langsh Wyandotters, L. Brahmas, P. Rocks, Toulouse Embden Geese, Pekin and Rouen Ducks, Pearl Guinea. Stock and eggs for sale in season. 48-

PLYMOUTH ROCKS FOR SALE.—A finely marked, rich colored pair, May be at \$3 per pair. Correspondence cheerfully answered. Stamp is inclosed no attention paid to stamps. Address, G. A. BAUMGARDNER, Clarksville, Mich.

W. W. McDOWELL, Howell, breeder of P. class poultry. Light Brahmas, Plymouths, Langshans, Partridge Cochins, B. horns, Aylesbury at d Rouen Ducks, Bronze geese and Toulouse Geese, stock and eggs for sale in season, write for what you want.

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R. D. SLY, Clarksville, Ohio, breeder of B. & W. Jersey Merino sheep. Ram Buckeye (owned jointly with J. S., F. C. & N. A. Woodhead) in season.

J. H. EATON, Bucyrus, Ohio, breeder of improved Chester White hogs. All breeds stock recorded. Stock for sale.

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LEVI ARNOLD
— PROPRIETOR OF —
Riverside Stock Farm
PLAINWELL, MICH.
— BREEDER AND SHIPPER OF —
Pure-bred Recorded Poland China Swine
Registered Jersey Cattle
(A. J. S. S. H. E.),
and Registered Merino Sheep

Poland Chinas still a specialty. Herd estab-
lished in 1899. Is the largest herd in the State. Is
physically a herd of prize winners. Stock all
in color and faultless in style. Consists of
about 100 head of stock of the best quality. Pigs
of 1893 and Spring of 1894, stred by eight
boards of the choicest breeding and highest
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Hopewell 2978, Rockledge No. 4188, Darkwood No.
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A. J. MURPH
Breeder of Pure-bred Recorded
POLAND CHINA SWINE
PLAINWELL OR SILVER CREEK, MISS.
My herd is dark in color and bred from the
noted herds of Ohio and Michigan. Pigs and

Arnold's Sambo, Black Tom, Hopeful, Mus-
W. S. and Dixie. Stock first class. Prices re-
able. Special rates by express.

Poetry

A LEAF FROM LIFE.

I lent my love a book one day;
She brought it back, I laid it by;
"Was little either had to say—
She was so strange and I so shy."
But yet we loved indifferent things—
The sprouting buds, the birds in tune;
And time stood still and wreathed his wings
With rosy links from June to June.
For her what task to do or dare?
What peril tempt? What hardships bear?
But with her—ah, she never knew
My heart, and what was hidden there.
And she with me so cold and coy,
Seemed like a maid of cold and coy;
But in the crowd all life and joy—
And full of beautiful impudence.
She married! Well, a woman needs
A mate, her life and love to share;
And little cares sprang up like weeds,
And played around her elbow chair.
And years rolled by, but I, content,
Trimmed my own lamp and kept it bright,
Till age's touch my hair beset
With rays and gleams of silver light.
And then it chanced I took the book
Which she perused in days gone by;
And as I read such passion shook
My soul—I needs must curse and cry.
For here and there her love was writ
In old, half-faded pencil signs,
As if she yielded—bit by bit—
Her heart in dots and underlines.
Ah! silvered fool—too late you look,
I know it; let me record
This maxim: Send no girl a book
Unless you read it afterward.
—WITH MINE.

There is a step keeps pace with mine
Wherever I may go,
Through dreary straits where trouble waits,
Or be it swift or slow,
By rippling stream, through flowery mead,
Along the wave-washed sand,
On rocky ledge, by hawthorn hedge,
On ocean or on land.
I may not hear the rhythmic tread,
And yet 'tis joy to know
In every place that keeps pace
With mine where'er I go.
There is a heart that beats with mine
Somewhere, somewhere, I know;
When light and day its pulses play,
Or throbs with weight of woe.
When hopes are crushed and joys are fled,
And I am left in tears,
And night and day along my way
No ray of light appears.
Its strength and comfort I have felt
When sore oppressed, and so
There is a heart of mine apart,
Somewhere, somewhere, I know.
—OUR CONTINENT.

Miscellaneous.

DAPHNE ODORA.

"And only to think how different it was
with her once," said Mrs. Campbell, sigh-
ing and wiping her eyes.
"It sounds like a fairy tale," said Effie.
"The beautiful little princess, with her
lovely home and her fine dresses and
flowers. And now she has lost them all,
and is shut up in the grim old castle over
there, with an ogre for her guardian."
"Ah! my child, those are not all that
she has lost," said Mrs. Campbell.
"Think of the love and care that were all
ways around her, until the day when her
father sailed for Europe, and was never
heard of again. This poor, pretty, little
wife found herself sick with the waiting
and longing, and there was only Sylvia to
wait upon her. Mr. Nesbitt was a lawyer
of good practice, but he had only just be-
gun to lay by money and, though he had
insured his life heavily, they could not
obtain it, for lack of proof of his death.
What they would have done I can not tell,
had not Mrs. Nesbitt's aunt, Mrs. Lawrence,
taken pity upon them and given them a
home in her great, dull house, over there.
A home, I said, but there is no home
without love, and the only love in that
house is between Sylvia and her mother."
"And so different once!" sighed Effie.
"I only went there now and then, when
extra help was needed," continued Mrs.
Campbell, "so that I did not see as much
of her as the regular servants did, but
many's the night that I've staid over time
and peeped out to see her rustling down
stairs on her way to a party, with the light
shining on her golden hair, and her soft,
pink cheeks and her eyes, rustling down
in the silks and laces that were not softer
nor fairer than her own white skin. She
was spoiled child, she said, allowed to go
into society when she ought to have been
in the nursery. Ah, well! maybe it's a
good thing that she had a taste of pleasure
then. It's little enough of it she has now."
"O look, mamma!" cried Effie, as a pale,
sweet face was pressed for a moment to
the window opposite and then vanished.
"Outside all was dull and dreary. Low
gray clouds hung over the city, and a
wild wind sent the rain in whirling gusts
against the panes. Inside Mrs. Campbell's
room all was warm and bright, in the
light of the fire which glowed and sparkled
upon the hearth. Mrs. Campbell sat
beside the fire busily sewing, and pale-
faced little Effie, well wrapped up, half
dressed, lay in a big, old-fashioned chair
drawn up near the window. For Effie
had been very ill in the fall, and, though
better, was still but a frail ghost of the
child who had made the little room ring
with her joyous laughter, all through the
long, bright summer. She was easily
tired in mind as well as body, and she
sighed wearily as she fixed her eyes upon
a single plant, in a common red flower-pot,
which stood near the window, but not so
near as to catch the draught from the
cracks in the frame.
"Tired, Effie?" said Mrs. Campbell,
cheerfully.
"Nor particularly," said Effie,
stumbling a little over the big word. "I
was only wondering how soon my
Daphne would bloom. It seems a very
long time! How kind Mrs. Lawrence was
to give it to me, wasn't she, mother?"
"Very, but Mrs. Lawrence always is
kind," said Mrs. Campbell, cheerfully.
"For all she is such a rich lady, she hasn't
a bit of pride about her. Such a grand
house and, oh, the beautiful Christmas

cards! How you would like to see them,
Effie!—There are ink stands of all sorts,
glass and china, and carved wood and
metal and portfolios and albums, and—
why, bless the child! she's asleep."
And Mrs. Campbell got up to lift the
light little form softly from the big chair
and cover it up carefully in bed.
Across the way, the room was not bright
and cheery, like Mrs. Campbell's. It was
warm enough, but there was no bright
fire to be seen, for the heat came up
through a black register. The room
which Sylvia and her mother occupied
was large and well furnished, though in
somewhat sombre style, but it was on the
north side of the house and there was
none of that glow and glory of sun-light,
which, on clear days, rolled and rioted
in all the corners of Mrs. Campbell's little
room, finding out every atom of shine,
and lighting up unexpected sparkles in
the darkest nooks. It was a dark and
gloomy cage for so bright a bird as Sylvia,
and dark and gloomy she seemed to find
it, as she laid her head back against her
chair, with a sigh of weariness.
"Tired, Sylvia?" said a soft voice from
the bed, and Sylvia answered, as Effie had
done. "Not particularly."
"Only it is so dismal here," she added,
after a pause.
"It is hard for you, I know, my child,"
said Mrs. Nesbitt, "but think how much
worse it would have been to be turned
out in the world, without even this
shelter. Our tiny income would hardly
have provided us with the meanest lodg-
ing, you know, and, even then, every
cent must have gone for the rent alone."
"Yes," said Sylvia, dejectedly. "It
would not be so bad for either of us," she
added, after a moment, "if we only had
something to do. If I had money to sub-
scribe to a library, and could read to you,
or even if we had a sunny room and could
raise flowers, but you know how it was
with that poor little rose bud I tried, how
it dwindled and pined until I could not
bear it, and it was almost a relief when it
died outright. If there were only some
way in which I could earn even a little
extra money, mamma, just enough for a
few books and now and then some cut
flowers for you. And, oh! to think of the
flowers we used to have, the blaze of the
little garden, and the heavy fragrance of
our tiny conservatory, and the cool, quiet
woods, all starred with violets. O, mam-
ma! mamma! if I could but see them
again! Aunt Lucretia gives us all that we
really need for our bodies, and how is she
to guess that we have feelings, who has
none herself?"
"Hush, Sylvia, hush!" cried Mrs. Nes-
bitt. "You forget all that she has done
for us, who have no shadow of claim upon
her."
"No, I do not forget," said Sylvia,
"and I am grateful in general, but once
in a while the old man gets the better of
me. Wouldn't it be lovely, mamma, if we
could live together in a bright, cozy
little room like that one opposite, where
that pleasant-faced woman and the frail
little child live? They seem so happy,
though they are poor, and the child looks
so delicate. They even have flowers, or a
flower at least. I fancy from here that it
looks like a Daphne, and I am watching
every day to see whether my fancy is cor-
rect. It is very long in blossoming."
"The woman's face looks very familiar
to me, but I can not think where I have
seen it," said Mrs. Nesbitt. "I should
like to see her nearer, but I cannot go
there, and I should not like to send for
her to come here."
"Perhaps it may come of itself some
day," said Sylvia. "Things often do.
And now, mamma, it is time for your
beef-tea—Aunt Lucretia has just sent it
up—and your nap. Let me cover you up
warm. Now go to sleep and dream of
flowers and sunshine. I can wish you no
happier dreams."
"My flower has blossomed at last,
mother," cried Effie, a few days later.
"Look at it. Isn't it white and soft, and
just tinged with pink on the outside, like
the little fine clouds that come over the
sky at sunset? I think the angel's wings
must look like it, don't you? Only if they
did I didn't see how they could bear the
angels up in their long flies. Mother,
there's Miss Sylvia looking over here. I
wonder whether she sees my flower. O,
how sad she looks, and how pale and thin!
and to think of the pretty young
princess she was once. They have no
flowers over there, mother, and—"
Then Effie fell into silence and was still
a long, long time, tenderly and absently
stroking the green leaves of her plant, or
touching, with delicate fingers, the pearly
blossoms and rose-tinted buds.
"Mother," she said, at last, "I want
you to do something for me. See, I am
going to break off the flower and I want
you to take it over to Miss Sylvia and tell
her it is from me. They have no flowers
over there and I think she looks as if it
was flowers she wanted."
"But, Effie, child!" cried Mrs. Camp-
bell. "It is your only one, and you have
been watching for it to bloom so long.
There are no more buds on the plant and—"
"I know all that, mother," said Effie,
but I am sure Miss Sylvia wants it more
than I do. See, it is broken off. Now you
will take it, won't you?"
There was such a world of wistful en-
treaty in Effie's blue eyes, that Mrs.
Campbell said no more, but took the flower
and went to put on her bonnet, leaving a
kiss on the child's pale forehead.
"Did she like it, mother?" Effie asked,
eagerly, when Mrs. Campbell came back
from her errand.
"Like it?" said Mrs. Campbell. "I only
wish you could have seen her. Her cheeks
turned pink, her eyes sparkled, and even
her hair seemed brighter. She looked like
the little princess I used to know, again.
"The dear little girl!" she said. "Tell her
how I love her for it, Mrs. Campbell. Her
only flower! I have seen her watching
and tending it, and to think that she
should give it to me, a stranger! Then her
cheeks turned pinker still, and the tears
came into her eyes, and she turned
away to put the flower in water. Then
Mrs. Nesbitt spoke to me and asked how
it was that my face seemed so familiar,
and I told her how I used to go to the
house in the old days, when everything
was so different with her. She remem-

bered me at once, and seemed to feel as if I
was an old friend. She is a sweet lady,
but, oh, so sad and changed. Miss
Sylvia is coming over to-morrow, Effie,
and thank you herself."
"Miss Sylvia coming to see me?" cried
the child. "O that will be better than
ten thousand flowers! How good of her."
All the next day Effie watched and
waited, but four o'clock struck before she
heard the knock at the door for which
she had been listening. Then Sylvia
came in, but not the pale Sylvia whom
Effie had learned to know. This was a
new Sylvia, bright and beaming, flushed
and radiant, "a real, truly fairy princess,"
thought Effie, as she looked at her.
"You little darling!" said Sylvia, kissing
her. "You will never know what you
have done for me. Your flower came to
me like a ray of the blessed sunshine and
woke me up, soul and body. I had almost
forgotten that there were such things as
paints and brushes in the world, but the
first thing I did, after I got your flower,
was to unpack my old paint-box and try
to take its portrait. And, do you know,
I actually found myself singing a little
song while I painted—the first time in a
whole year."
For a moment a shade dimmed the
radiance of Sylvia's eyes, and there was a
faint sigh as she remembered why, for a
whole year, she had ceased to sing, but
then she went on as gaily as before.
"See, I have brought you two portraits
of your darling flower. One is simply a
portrait, and no more. The other will
show you what your flower has done for
me."
And from the tissue paper which she
held in her hand she unwrapped two
small pictures and held them out to Effie.
The child caught her breath and she
gazed, fearing almost to touch them, for
she had never seen anything so beautiful
before. One picture was, as Sylvia had
said, simply the portrait of the flower, a
delicate cluster of pearly blossoms and
rosy buds; rising from amidst their dark,
glossy leaves. The other was this, and
something more. For, from amidst the
snowy blossoms, the Angel of Hope float-
ed upward as if borne upon the fragrance
of the flower, her shining white drapery
blending with the white petals of the
flower, her blue eyes, with their smile of
tender exultation, raised toward the light
which streamed over her floating golden
hair.
"They are beautiful!" whispered Effie,
softly. "How you, who do so much
beautiful things, can ever be sad!"
"Just now, thanks to you, I feel as if
I should never be sad any more," said
Sylvia, smiling. "No, keep them, dear,
if you care for them," as Effie timidly
offered her the pictures. "I have the
flower, you know, and can reproduce
them if I want to. Now I must go, but I
shall come and see you soon again, little
Effie, if you care to see me, now that I
am not a fairy princess any more."
For Mrs. Campbell had told her of
Effie's dreams and fancies, and how they
cheered the child's lonely hours.
It was the next morning that Mrs.
Lawrence called to see about some work
that Mrs. Campbell was doing for her.
After she had given her directions, she
swept over in her rustling silks and rich
furs, to speak to Effie. The child had
propped the pictures up on a little stand
before her, and was so absorbed in gazing
at them that she scarcely noticed Mrs.
Lawrence.
"What beautiful cards!" cried Mrs.
Lawrence, as she looked at them. "Sure-
ly, you did not do them, Effie? No, of
course not; but who did? There is real
artistic feeling here."
"It was a young lady," said the child,
"Miss Sylvia Nesbitt. She was a fairy
princess once, but she is poor now and
her mother is sick and they live in a room
with no sun and no flowers. Isn't it sad
for a fairy princess who had everything
once?"
"Effie!" cried Mrs. Campbell, and Effie,
who had been talking half in a dream,
started and flushed, and was silent.
"But is this true?" said Mrs. Lawrence,
turning to Mrs. Campbell. "And do you
think the young lady would be willing to
paint cards and menus and such things?
My husband is looking for some one to
do just such work, and he would pay well
for such exquisite things as these."
"I will ask her, and let you know her
answer to-morrow," said Mrs. Campbell,
cautiously.
For, though in her own mind she was
certain that Sylvia, to use her own phrase,
would "jump at the chance," she would
not lower her favorite's dignity one iota
in the eyes of Mrs. Lawrence.
"Would I be willing?" cried Sylvia,
when Mrs. Campbell broached the subject
to her. "O, Mrs. Campbell! I cannot
tell you how more than willing I am, how
grateful to you and to little Effie. After
all, it was her doing. But for the Da-
phne which she sent me, I might never
have had courage to touch my paints and
brushes again. Think of it, mamma! To
earn money for myself. Do you realize
what that means? It means books,
mamma, new books, a subscription to the
Mercantile Library, so that when you are
restless I can read you to sleep. And
flowers—why, only think of it, flowers
will no longer be an extravagance, but a
necessity, for I must have them to copy.
O, Mrs. Campbell! how can I thank you
enough? If I can only make ten dollars
it will be like a new life!"
When both sides are willing, it does not
take long to come to an agreement. Soon
Sylvia's hands were full, and the graceful,
fantastic designs and exquisite tinting of
the cards which came from her deft fin-
gers and fertile brain found no lack of buyers.
Mrs. Lawrence concluded that she had
found a treasure, and Sylvia—that was
it to Sylvia? No longer did the days
drag, now that she had her hands full of
work in which her very soul delighted.
No longer did the room look gloomy,
brightened as it always was by a cluster
of flowers in a simple glass vase. The
flowers varied as the days went on, but
the vase was never empty. Now it was a
cluster of white-fringed Marguerites, which
reflected from their golden hearts all the
sunshine which they had gathered in
their short, bright lives. Now a few
Carnations, white or scarlet or creamy-
tinted, whose spicy breath filled all the

room. Or a spray of great Lilies, all
white and gold, like the garments of the
blessed, or a cluster of purple Heliotropes,
whose pure sweet fragrance floated out
like a breath of prayer. The evenings
came all too soon, and yet it was pleasant
in the dim room when the curtains were
drawn and the gas lighted, and Sylvia,
resting from her labors, could read aloud
some new book fresh from the author's
brain, or the undying words of some—
"bard sublime,
Whose sounding footsteps echo
Down the corridors of Time."
Aunt Lucretia was lured in, sometimes,
to listen to these readings, and Sylvia
even fancied that now and then a softer
shade stole over her grim features as the
silent eloquence of the flowers, blending
with the utterances of the great masters,
touched some long-silent chord in her
breast.
So November and December drifted
away almost unmarked, for Miss Lucretia's
stern creed admitted no notice of that
debatable date, the twenty-fifth of Decem-
ber. The last day of the year came in a
mist of whirling whiteness, which shut
out earth and sky alike from the keenest
eye. All day and half the night the white
birds danced and frolicked to the music
of the wild wind's whistling, and when
the New Year came, it dawned upon a
dazzling pageant of blue and white and
gold. Sylvia, drawing up her blind in the
morning, was half blinded by the
radiance, and Effie, peeping through the
frost-covered panes, danced with delight
at the glorious sight.
"Actually, the reflection is so brilliant,
mamma, that it almost seems as if the
sunlight were coming in to us," said Sylvia.
Ah, Sylvia, Sylvia! If you had but
known it the sunshine was coming to you.
For, far away yet, but drawing momentarily
nearer, a steamship was throbbing its
foamy way across the Atlantic Ocean, and
on the deck of the steamer, stood a
man whose heart and eyes had leaped
across the intervening space between him
and his native shores. He had sailed for
Europe in one of the Italian steamers
eighteen months before, but his pleasure-
trip had a strange ending. When he left
America he was suffering from the effects
of over-work, and hardly had he landed
in Italy when he was seized with brain
fever. The true Italian fear of anything
like aberration of mind led to his incar-
ceration in a lunatic asylum. Months
passed before he, once more restored to
health of mind and body, could bribe one
of his attendants to carry a message to
the American consul, and further time
was consumed in the formalities necessary
for his release. And now he was hasten-
ing homeward, free, but consumed with
anxiety for the welfare of those he had
left behind him, and of whom he had
heard no tidings during all his long and
cruel absence.
The bright New Year's Day was ending;
over the sparkling snow the sunset clouds
were reflected in strange and magical
splendor. Golden and purple and rosy
gleamed the western clouds, and in faint,
mellow hues, the glittering snow-crest
sent back the soft echo of their splendor.
The glory beamed full upon Effie's pale
little face as she watched it from her
window, and stray hints and gleams of it
penetrated even into the gloomy room
where Sylvia and her mother sat and
talked of other New Year's days in the
life which seemed to lie so far behind them.
There is a jingle of sleigh-bells through
the keen, crisp air; then comes a sharp
ring at the door-bell, a few quick ques-
tions in a voice, at the sound of which
Sylvia starts to her feet and flushes rosy
red, while Mrs. Nesbitt turns paler than
ever, and sinks back gasping in her chair.
A flying footstep on the stairs, a door
pushed hastily open, and—the old wife,
with its love and its light and its joy, has
come back to them once more!
"I was afraid that I might have serious
trouble in finding you," said Mrs. Nesbitt,
when, the first rapture and confused ex-
planations over, they had settled down to a
quiet talk. "I knew, of course, that
you would have been obliged to leave the
cottage, and I thought it probable that
you might have come to New York, but I
could not guess where to look for you.
Of course all stores and offices are closed
to-day, so I went to the house of my old
friend, Ralph Harding. He was out, and
the ladies whom I found in the parlor
could not tell me your address, though
they were sure that he knew it. They
promised to send it to me as soon as Ralph
returned, but, strangely enough, a Mr.
Lawrence, who was calling there at the
same time, was better informed. It is
thanks to him, that I am here now."
"We must add this happy New Year's
Day to all the rest that we owe that bless-
ed child. How shall we ever pay the
debt?"
"I have an idea," said Mrs. Nesbitt. "I
feel now as if I should never be sick
again, but I know that it will be a long,
long time before I am good for much
again. Do you think, Sylvia, that Mrs.
Campbell would be willing to come to us
as a sort of housekeeper and seamstress
and upper-servant combined? For, of
course, we must begin again in a very
small way at first. She need not be afraid
of being treated as a menial. She should
have her own room, and Effie could go to
school in winter and run wild all summer.
It would be the making of the child, and
I know that they both pine for the coun-
try. Do you think that they would con-
sent to come, Sylvia?"
Would they consent? Would the wild
bird consent to leave its cage and go back
to its life of woodland freedom? No;
Mrs. Campbell had no fear of accepting
so nondescript a position in the Nesbitt
household, nor need she have any.
If, in the course of your suburban ram-
bles, you come upon a tiny, picturesque
cottage, not far from the great city, with
a small garden all ablaze with color in
front of it, and a miniature conservatory
behind it, upon the lawn, you see a
slender but rosy and clear-eyed child, or
a graceful "fairy princess," why, you
may be sure that that you have stumbled upon
the home of the Nesbitts.
And none need wonder that of all flowers
in the world, the dearest to Sylvia's
heart is the Daphne Odora.—Helen F.
Moore in the Floral Cabinet.

The Habits of Birds.
Birds not only cough and sneeze, but
they dream and snore, making most dis-
tressing sounds as if strangling. They
hicough—a very dull affair it is, too—
and they faint away. The goldfinch
spoken of above, being frightened one
night, in his struggles was caught be-
tween the wires, and gave a cry like the
squeak of a mouse in distress. On my
hastening to his release, he slipped out
into the room, and flew wildly about till
he hit something and fell to the floor. He
was picked up, and his fright culminated
in a dead faint. The little head drooped,
the body was limp, apparently perfectly
lifeless, and he was laid in his cage,
ready to be buried in the morning. He
was placed carefully on the breast, how-
ever, and in a few minutes he hopped up
on his perch, shook out his ruffled
feathers, and composed himself to sleep.
One feat sometimes ascribed to man is
in the case of birds a literal fact,—they
can sleep with one eye open. This, curi-
ous habit I have watched closely, and I
find it common in nearly all the varieties
I have been able to observe. One eye
will close sleepily, shut tight and appear
to enjoy a good nap, while the other is
wide awake as ever. It is not always the
eye toward the light that sleeps, nor is it
invariably the one from the light. The
presence or absence of people makes no
difference. I have even had a bird stand
on my arm or knee, draw up one leg, and
seem to sleep soundly with one eye,
while the other was wide open. In sev-
eral years' close attention I have been un-
able to find any cause, either in the posi-
tion or the surroundings, for this strange
habit.
No "set old woman" is more wedded
to her accustomed "ways" than are birds
in general to theirs. Their hours for eat-
ing, napping, and singing are as regular
as ours. So, likewise, are their habits in
regard to sleeping places, even to the
very twig they select. After a week's ac-
quaintance with the habits of a bird, I can
always tell when something disturbing
has occurred, by the place in which he is
found. One bird will make the desk his
favorite haunt, and freely visit tables,
rounds of chairs, and the floor, while
another confines himself to the backs of
chairs, the tops of cages and picture
frames. One hermit thrush frequented
the bureau, the looking-glass frame, and
the top of a cardboard map which had
warped around till the upper edge was al-
most circular. On this edge he would
perch for hours, and twitter and call, but
no other bird ever approached it. Still
another would always select the door cas-
ing and window cornices.
Every bird has its chosen place for the
night, usually the highest perch on the
darkest side of the cage. They soon be-
come accustomed to the situation of the
dishes in their cages, and plainly re-
spond to any change. On my placing a drink-
ing cup in a new part of the cardinal's re-
sidence, he came down at once, scolding
violently, pretended to drink, then look-
ed over to the corner where the water
used to be, and renewed his protestations.
Then he returned to the upper perch,
flirting his tail and expressing his mind
with great vigor. A few minutes passed,
and he repeated the performance, keep-
ing it up with great excitement until, to
pacify him, I replaced the cup. He at
once retired to his usual seat, smoothed
his ruffled plumage, and in a few mo-
ments began to sing. A dress of new
color on their mistress makes commotion
among these close observers, and the
moving about of furniture puts the tam-
est one in a panic.—December Atlantic.

Imitations of Leather.
"The oft quoted statement," said a
veteran shoe dealer to a reporter "there
are tricks in all trades in all trades but
ours," is the completest fallacy ever per-
petrated upon an unsuspecting public.
The fact is that there is no given trade
in which frauds are not continually con-
trived and successfully worked. I will
tell you a few in our business, for I am
best informed on that subject, having
been in the wholesale manufacturing
trade for a score of years. Right here let
me tell you the cause of it. In any busi-
ness there is a continual struggle between
manufacturers, and this makes it neces-
sary for them to economize and figure to
reduce cost in the most trifling detail,
for it is the few cents' margin that makes
the profit which enables the fortunate to
wear diamonds and drive fast horses.
"Some years ago there was a rage for
cheapening goods. Cheap substitutes for
standard stock were eagerly sought for.
They found them, too. A prominent
manufacturer here, who has a good repu-
tation, and does a business amounting to
hundreds of thousands annually, devised
a scheme some time ago, which was des-
tined to make big profits. The advantage
is the extra protection to the toe, making
two thicknesses of leather there, and giving
better service, especially in children's
shoes. Well, this man cut a piece of the
vamp at the toe, and joined the vamp and
tip by stitching them as usual. The re-
sult was only one thickness of leather
there, and when the tip was worn through
there was a hole in the shoe."
"That surely could not make much of
a saving."
"Couldn't, eh? It saved just so much
whole stock, and reduced the estimated
number of feet for a case. Then it saved
the best part of the skin, for the flanks
can not be put up into vamps." "Unfor-
tunately the trick was discovered." The
manufacturer overstepped himself there,
and the shoes which he shipped out rick-
led badly. The consequence was that he
had a lot of shoes to take back. He was
money out in the end."
"What are some other tricks?"
"Some factories, in making double-
soled men's goods, have cut heel lifts out
of the first sole and filled it up with a
stock or leather-board. Then I've heard
of cases where the tap-sole was reduced to
a mere strip around the edge, with some
cheap material for the centre filling. Heels
are often made almost entirely of
cheap manufactured stock. Only the
best of shoes have sole leather counters."
"How about the uppers?"
"There is deception everywhere. There
is no prime stock made which has

not an accompanying imitation. There
is imitation French kid; imitation Curacao
kid; imitation everything. More sheep-
skins are made up to resemble kid than
you would imagine. There is even imi-
tation sheepskin."
"How can they be detected?"
"Only by years of practice. No plain,
ordinary, every-day buyer can tell India
kid from Curacao."—Rochester Chronicle.

Costly Undergarments.
In a gentleman's furnishing store up
town, near the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New
York, many wealthy and stylish men buy
their linen and ties. The clerks there
wear the latest collars, the latest ties, and
the latest everything. They look like
brokers, and are very stylish.
"This winter," the most stylish of them
said, "we have more novelties than ever
before, and there is really no reason why
a gentleman of refined tastes and with
plenty of money should not be very com-
fortable. Here's an Arctic sleeper. You
see it's made after the fashion of the sacks
that men sleep in at the North Pole, only
it's made of the finest lamb's wool, and
tied around the neck with silken strings.
Some of our young gentlemen are so
delicately nurtured that a slight cold
might be disastrous. They slide into this,
and are protected utterly, no possible
danger of slipping their feet out from
under the covers. The wool has a slight-
ly irritating effect on the skin, that pro-
duces a healthy circulation on the surface
and induces sound slumber."
"What are these?" the reporter asked,
pointing to what looked like ragged fur
from the back of a kitten.
"Those are the very latest driving
gloves; very ugly, I'll admit, but nothing
like them in the world for warmth. They
surpass sealskin, buckskin, and every-
thing of the kind. They consist of a
background of knitted silk, covered in-
side and out with the fine silky hair taken
from the belly of a raccoon, not the
coarse, outer hair, but the fine downy fur
that grows beneath. Eleven dollars a
pair we sell them for, and 300 pairs are
out already. There are those tobogganing
gloves, made in London and shipped to
Canada. They're just out, tight at the
wrist, you see, and running way up over
your overcoat to your shoulders. You
could slide down from the top of Mont
Blanc, head first, with a pair of those on,
and you'd never get any snow up your
sleeve. Now step back this way and I'll
show you the most beautiful thing you
ever saw in undergarments."
"Shirts and drawers?" inquired the re-
porter.
"Yes, but don't call them that in this
store, you'd hurt our more refined cus-
tomer. Call them undergarments. Now
look at this."
He drew out of a fancy box a heavy
mass of knitted silk, of the most beauti-
ful tint. "Now," he said, as he stretch-
ed the garments out into human form,
"isn't that the most lovely and aesthetic
thing you ever saw? Would you think
that any man could have the heart to put
such a work of art on his legs? But many
have, and they go like wildfire. We sell
them at \$100 a suit, and the high price
takes the fancy of the young men who
have nothing to do but spend money.
We have old millionaires for customers,
and distinguished statesmen as well;
among the latter President Arthur, Well,
not one of these buys much fancy stock.
They got rich buying merino undergar-
ments at \$4 or \$5 a suit, and they keep
right on that way. It's the rich young
men who are always having fortunes left
to them that keep the trade. We had one
young gentleman who inherited in one
year no less than three fortunes, running
from \$50,000 to \$200,000. The way he
bought things that he didn't want would
have done your heart good to see. Here's
a lot of plain linen handkerchiefs. They're
very fine, just like cowbells, and sell
for \$60 a dozen. The young man I
spoke of bought four dozen of them, and
a dozen of these camel's hair socks, with
silk heels and toes. They are only \$6 a
pair, and very comfortable, but why he
wanted so many I can't understand. We
do good business when young men are to
be married. They get trousers as well
as anybody, and they have to pay for it,
too. Five hundred dollars is a small price
for a good outfit. If you ever jump off
come around."

The Story of an Egg.
Of an egg in the Berlin Museum the fol-
lowing story is told: Many years ago a
prince became affianced to a lovely prin-
cess, to whom he promised to send a
magnificent gift as a testimonial of his
affection. In due time the messenger ar-
rived, bringing the promised gift, which
proved to be an iron egg. The princess
was so angry to think that the prince
should send her so valueless a present
that she threw it upon the floor, when the
iron egg opened, disclosing a silver lin-
ing. Surprised at such a discovery, she
took the egg in her hand, and while ex-
amining it closely discovered a secret
spring, which she touched, and the silver
lining opened disclosing a golden yolk.
Examining it closely she found another
spring, which when opened disclosed
within the golden yolk a ruby crown.
Subjecting that to an examination she
touched a spring and forth came the di-
amond ring with which he affianced her to
himself.

The Danger of Tight Boots.
Beware of small boots! Three years
ago, Adam Paff, of Warsaw, N. Y., was
drawn as a jurymen and went to court
in a new pair of boots which were consid-
erably too small for him. Although they
gave him intense pain, he kept them on
during the day. At night when he re-
moved his boots he found no rest and was
unable to sleep. His feet, legs, hands,
arms and body began to swell, and a
physician was called. Medical aid was of
no avail, and from that day to this the in-
tense pain has never left him for an in-
stant. His joints are enlarged, while his
feet and hands are swollen to three times
their natural size. He is entirely help-
less, and has to be fed like a baby. He
spent thousands of dollars to gain relief,
but no physician has been able to under-
stand his peculiar case.

CLEVERLY CAUGHT!
The Rich Man's Fear of Burglars—The
Story of an Electrician.
Buffalo, N. Y., News.
At the dead of night, Mr. J. B. Anthony,
a wholesale grocer of Troy, N. Y., was
awakened by his burglar alarm annunci-
ator, which told him that his house had
been entered through the roof scuttle.
He hastily dresses, rings for a policeman,
hurries to the upper story, and hears the
burglar in the servant's room, threatening
her with instant death if she made a loud
noise.
He was captured, convicted and sen-
tenced to Sing Sing prison for ten years.
So said Mr. C. H. Westfall, the elec-
trician of Westfield, N. Y., to our report-
er.
"Do city residents generally use burg-
lar alarms?"
"Yes, all first-class houses are provided
with them and I have never had a dis-
satisfaction from my customers, many
of whom are the best known and wealth-
iest people of New York, Boston, Phila-
delphia, and other large cities."
"Do wealthy men have much fear of
burglars?"
"As a rule, wealthy men do not keep
valuables in their house, and yet they are
not sure that they shall escape burglar-
ious attacks, and they don't feel secure
without a first-class burglar alarm appar-
atus in their house. Every door, window
and scuttle is connected with the annun-
ciator, and it is quite impossible to effect
an entrance without the fact becoming at
once known."
"Don't electricians run considerable
risk in handling wires?"
"Even the most careful of them some-
times get a shock. A few years ago, while
I was descending stairs at Elmira, N. Y.,
I felt as if I had received the entire charge
from the battery. For over a half hour I
suffered the keenest agony. I did not know
but what I had been fatally injured. After
completing my business circuit, I re-
turned to Boston, and for eighteen
months did not get over the shock. I
lost my appetite; all food tasted alike. I
could not walk across the common with-
out resting several times."
"My head whirled, and I reeled like a
drunken man. I consulted the best phy-
sicians in a good many large cities, but
none of them seemed to understand my
case. About a year ago I was in Albany,
and a physician there stated that I was
probably not live three months. But to-
day," said Mr. Westfall, and he straight-
ened himself up with conscious pride,
"so far as I know, I am in perfect health.
I weigh 170 pounds, I feel well, sleep well,
and am well. One of my old phy-
sicians gave me a thorough examination
a few weeks ago, and told me that
I was in a perfect condition."
"You are a very fortunate man, sir,"
remarked the scribe, "to have escaped
instant death after an electrical shock."
"O, it was not electricity that prostrated
me. It was a uremic convulsion. For
all my physicians told me I was a victim
of a very serious kidney disorder. And
when they and a dozen widely advertised
medicines failed to benefit me, Warner's
safe cure restored me to perfect health.
That preparation is invaluable to every
grade of society, for it is a priceless bless-
ing."
"There is no need of death from hand-
ling electrical wires if the operators will
exercise care. In our burglar alarm at-
tachments there is no possible danger
from that source."
—Ambergris.

During the spring of last year the Sea
Ranger, a whaling ship owned by F. H.
Bartlett & Sons, of Massachusetts, which
had sailed from New Bedford in June,
1879, for a four years' whaling voyage in
the South Atlantic, took a sperm whale
while cruising to the south of St. Helena.
After the usual operation of hooking,
hoisting, and cutting off the blubber and
bailing out the "case" the most interest-
ing part of the work was begun. At this
point all on board eagerly watched while
the long spade is pushed into the inter-
stices in order to ascertain if there is any
ambergris in the stripped leviathan. In the
present instance the men were reward-
ed by finding the finest specimen of am-
bergris that had been captured during the
last ten years. It was about the size and
shape of a watermelon, weighed 70
pounds, and was worth \$18,000.
The price of ambergris has been as high
as \$200 per pound. The piece found by
the Sea Ranger was regular in shape and
of the best quality—compact and solid.
It was a very pleasant task for the captain
to put the little \$18,0

